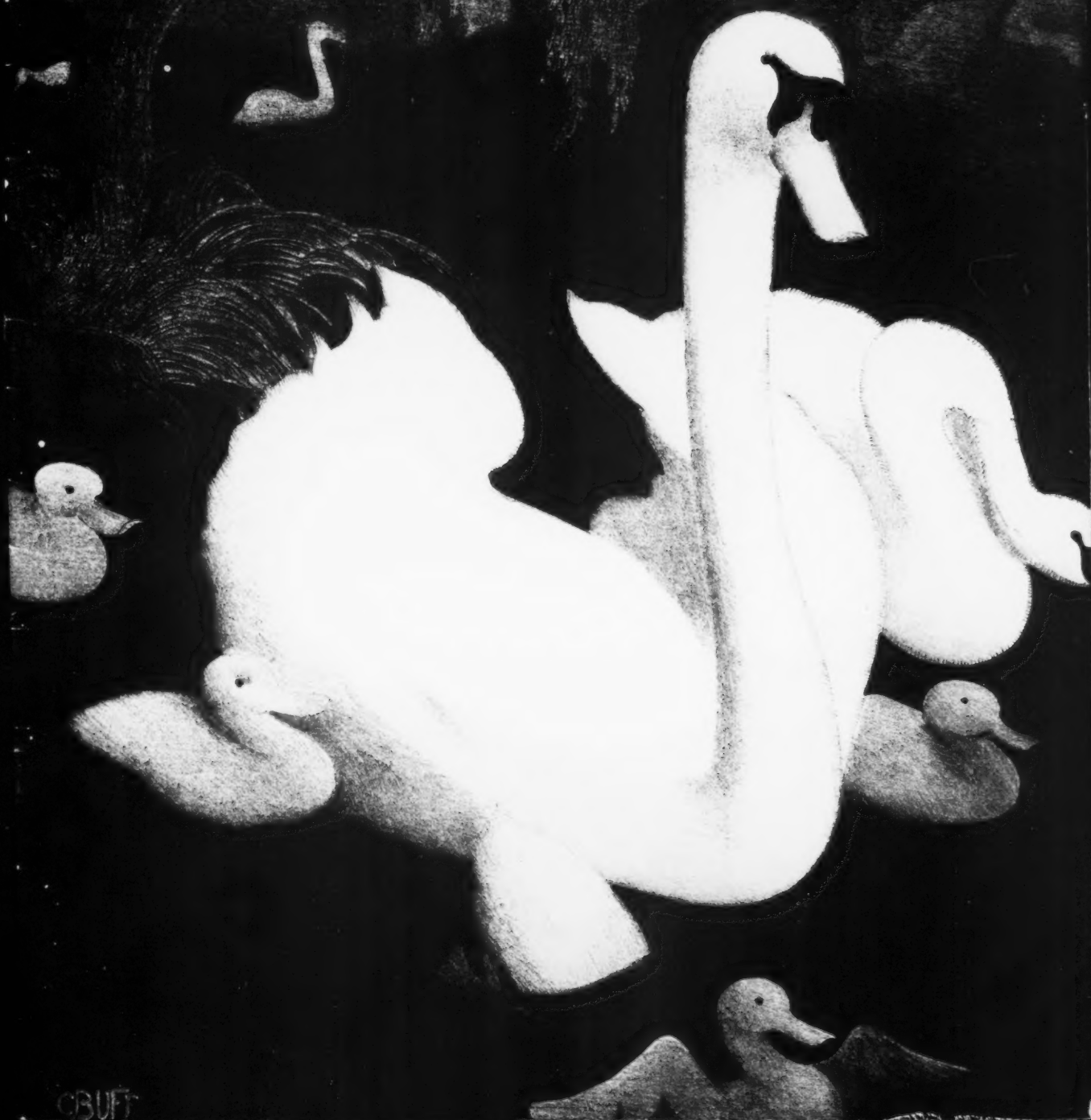


AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS

March 1938

"I Serve"



CBUFF



COURTESY CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART; PHOTO BY WOLTZ

Homeward Bound

A painting by E. Martin Hennings

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

March • 1938

The Weather Vane Is Bent

ANTONIO RROBLES

Translated from the Spanish by Edward Huberman

Illustrations by Helen Finger

WHEN Angelillo Rodriguez went to school for the first time, everyone called him "Don Peque," and that is what we are going to call him in this story.

Don Peque was the kind of boy one likes. Good, but not too good; and bad, but not too bad.

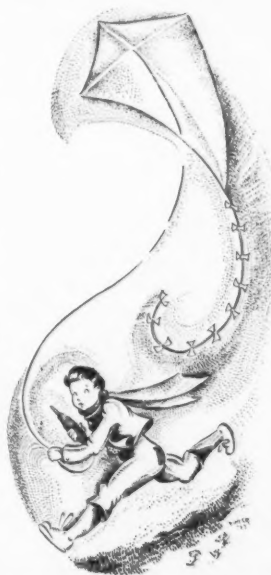
He always liked to find out about things. He wanted to know what made submarines dive deep and then come out again on top of the water, and why the Moon seems to change its shape. But it did not give him much pleasure to learn Latin verbs by heart, nor to multiply millions by billions, until the answer resulted in so great a heap of zeros that it resembled a gathering of little round ants all in a row—so numerous that they were powerful enough to conquer a serpent.

Finally, he was good enough never to break mirrors nor to rob the nests of little birds who died at once when separated from their mothers, nor to cut his little brother's hair with a pair of scissors; but he was bad enough to stick paper signs on the backs of some of his little friends, or to throw his hat up into a tree to make apples or chestnuts fall, or to . . . well, to cut his little brother's hair just once in a while.

And there you are. Neither good nor bad nor bad nor good, was the Don Peque about whom you are going to hear a few interesting things.

In order that you may understand a little better the kind of boy he was, you must know what he did when he saw the bird-cage on the third-story window-sill. In the cage was a linnet who could not grow accustomed to his wire prison and who used to spend all day, really all day, searching for a way of escape. His restless jumpings and flittings seemed to make a triangle between the two low perches in the cage and the swinging stick above.

Don Peque did a number of things. First, using a heavy hammer which more than once landed on his finger and made him yell, he bent a nail into the form of a fish-hook. Then he attached the hook to one end of four shoelaces which he had tied together. After that, all he had to do was fish. He let the line out over his window-sill, and after several attempts, he finally succeeded in catching the cage, which was on the ledge below. Holding the line away from the wall, so that the cage would not bump, Don Peque hauled up the prize, and opened the door. The little bird, thoroughly fright-



ened, stumbled out, but with difficulty, because he had grown so chubby since they first put him inside. Then he flew away, but seemed to stop a moment on the roof of a house across the street, as if he wanted to say "thank you" and "good-bye."

Then Don Peque carefully replaced on its ledge the empty cage in which the poor linnet, sorrowful and sad, shall never again be kept prisoner.

You see, readers, how the boy had been a little good and a little bad. He was good because he had freed the unfortunate bird, prisoner in the cage. He was bad, because he had meddled with things that did not belong to him.

But the important part of this story has to do with the adventures of Don Peque and Don Aire.

Don Aire is the name of the strong wind which comes from the sea. The ancients used to say that Aeolus was the god of the winds. Well, whether that be true or not, Don Aire seemed to be a very powerful wind in himself, strong and independent.

One day Don Aire came to the little boy's town, which was called, if you do not know it already, Villabalines del Tiro.

Shortly after his arrival, he did what a strong southwest wind usually does when it reaches a village: he blew three hats, four berets and two caps off the heads of their owners and away into the fields; he built windy whirlpools in the air with dry leaves and waste papers; he ripped the branches off trees just as easily as one rips the leg off a roasted chicken; he slammed and broke eight windows, and, since they all had differ-

ent sounds, and broke within a few minutes, the whole town heard the notes of a musical scale:

DO . RE . MI . FA . SOL . LA . TI . DO

Besides, he loosened a roof-tile and made it fall to the ground. And he was so bold that he put on an enormous nightshirt that someone had hung on a line to dry, and then he flew through the air. He looked like a white ball. You could not see his feet nor his head, nor his arms, because one never sees these parts of Don Aire; but we know that he was inside, since it was the wind which blew the shirt off the line. . . .

Finally, he upset everybody's haircomb, made all the bushes and shrubs bend in one direction, and forced umbrellas to take such curious shapes that their poor ribs seemed to be dislocated.

Frisky Don Aire committed a thousand other rogueries, but it would take days and days to tell them all to you.

All day, all evening, and all night Don Aire stayed in Villabalines del Tiro.

Don Peque went to bed at his usual hour, but, even though he was comfortably wrapped in his sheets, a curious sadness kept him from sleeping. Don Aire was complaining loudly, queerly and mysteriously. This it was that made Don Peque sad.

You have all heard the sorrowful whistlings of the wind on certain nights:

Wheeeeeeeeeee.....!

Ah-ah-ah-ah....!

Who-o-o-o-o.....!

Wha-a-a-a-a.....!

Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow....!

The boy understood that these wailings were on account of the lightning-rod on top of the house and the weather vane on top of the City Hall.

Don Peque could scarcely sleep. He spent the night sympathizing with Don Aire and saying to himself, "Poor Don Aire! . . . How it must hurt him to rush so furiously into our lightning-rod and have to be split into two currents of air! How painful it must be for him when the weather vane, which always



He put on an enormous nightshirt and flew through the air

points straight at him when it hears him coming, sticks its sharp beak into him!"

Don Peque slept a little bit; but even in sleep he could not forget Don Aire. He dreamed that the poor wind was crying because of the terrible wound the dagger-pointed weather vane had inflicted.

Quite upset about all this, Don Peque awoke very early. He dressed himself, pulled a beret over his ears to keep the wind out, put on his sneakers so as not to slip, tied a hammer to his belt, and went up to the top floor of his house, where he poked his way through the skylight, and clambered out on the roof.

He tied a rope round his waist and round the lightning rod, so that the wind could not blow him off the slanting roof. Then he began to hammer at the rod, bending it into all sorts of crooked shapes, because it had dared to divide poor Don Aire into two parts.

What a good boy!

But at the same time, we have to say: What a bad boy! Because children ought really not to break lightning-rods. Isn't that so? . . .

This wasn't all that Don Peque did.

Immediately afterwards he walked over to the City Hall of Villabalines del Tiro, and went up to that roof. He knew the way up, because he had often mounted with the janitor, who used to climb the tower to wind the enormous clock.

And there he did the same thing: he tied himself to the weather vane, and then bent it in two with his hammer, exclaiming:

"Naughty, wicked weather vane. This is your punishment for having hurt Don Aire!"

Don Peque had done his job thoroughly. He wiped the sweat off his face with his sleeve, and then descended the stairs very carefully, and very satisfied with himself. He could hardly wait for night-time to arrive, he was so anxious to see if his work would have any effect on the night-howlings of Don Aire.

That afternoon Don Peque went to the candy shop with his father to buy three bars of chocolate. On their way home a gust of wind came along and blew off the boy's cap and the father's hat.

But almost at once, you might have distinguished some words in the wild murmurings of the southwest wind. It was indeed Don Aire who was saying to himself:

"Oh, that is Don Peque and his father! That's the boy who has crushed my two worst enemies! . . ."

And then another gust of wind, coming from the opposite direction, picked up the hat



He bent the weather vane in two with his hammer

and the cap and blew them back on the heads of their owners.

That was a pleasant sight!

Finally the night came.

Don Peque went to bed, and wrapped himself well in his blankets, because it was cold; but he left one ear out, and was very attentive. He wanted to listen for Don Aire.

But Don Aire did not complain as he had done the night before. He was not sad, he was not being pinched and stuck and stabbed. He was happier than a playful little boy as he ran through the streets and over the roof-tops. He blew so hard that he seemed to be chasing himself. He played at sending papers flying, and then trying to catch up with them, or push them farther away, just as children do with hoops. He ran and ran, just as gay as if it were daytime and the Sun shining.

Don Aire was happy in spite of the darkness of the night.

No weather vane nor lightning rod was hurting Don Aire. Consequently he had no desire to be naughty or mischievous. If he happened by chance, while he was frisking through the streets, to blow someone's derby hat off by mistake, another breath of wind would replace it immediately, and the southwester seemed

to whisper in the gentleman's ear, "Pardon me. I didn't mean to do it."

The wind was so well-behaved, even though he was strong and violent as a brave bull, that the little boy built paper airplanes piloted by paper dolls and gave them to Don Aire, who picked them up and blew them beautifully along. Don Aire enjoyed playing with airplanes just as much as Don Peque.

But Don Aire is always, always moving, and one morning, just as he and Don Peque were beginning to become good friends, he went off to another town. After six days of frightening people at street corners and blowing hats and branches of trees, the strong wind from the sea had vanished.

Don Peque, with his beret clapped closely on his head, and his muffler wound tightly around his neck, found that the day was sunny, restful, and quiet. Not a leaf moved, and waste papers lay still in the streets, because no wind was there to blow them about. The boy had to undo his muffler because of the heat, and to take off his beret, which made him look like an acorn in its shell and which itself looked like a thimble on mama's finger, so tightly had he clapped it on his head in order to keep the wind from blowing it off.

Where had Don Aire gone? Perhaps to play with the sands of the desert—to blow them into watery ripples. Perhaps, also, to the Ocean itself, to play with the foamy surge, which is often as pretty as a bride's veil.

Days passed, and months; then came summer, and Don Peque's birthday. The present that most delighted him was a large kite, with a smiling Sun painted on its face.

Along with the kite came a card from his uncle. After all, Don Peque had to know who had given him this remarkable toy!

This is what the card said:

Your uncle

EMETERIO RODRIGUEZ PEZ

*Sends you many congratulations and
a kite*

Villabalines del Tiro (Tolencia)

It was unfortunate, but the day was very calm. Even by running as fast as they could, the children were not able to make the paper windmills which they had nailed to the ends of sticks turn one little bit!

But Don Peque was determined to fly his new kite. He telephoned his two friends Ramon and Roman and asked them to come out with him.

Once in the street with the big kite, the three boys were soon joined by any number of other children, some of whom they knew, and others whom they had never before seen. But they all wanted to see the kite fly; especially because there was absolutely no wind. The whole crowd went out to a big, open field.

They couldn't tell from which direction the wind was blowing, because no wind was blowing. They tried all directions, but to no avail.

Don Peque pulled the cord, and ran as fast as he could, while his friends Roman and Ramon held up the painted Sun, and waited to see if a breath of wind would seize it and make it fly.

But alas! Scarcely had the kite started to rise a bit, when it fell heavily to the ground. They must have tried to fly it a hundred times, and a hundred times it shot straight as an arrow towards the earth.

And after so many failures, some of the children began to make fun of Don Peque. Others lost interest and went away. It seemed like a waste of time to stay and watch nothing.

Tears of shame were beginning to come to the eyes of Don Peque. But suddenly, Don Aire, far away on a mountain peak where he was romping along the blades of grass in the form of a light breeze—suddenly, Don Aire realized that his protector was suffering.

At once he stopped playing in the grass. The time for action had come. He blew and he blew and he blew; he was rushing to the aid of his friend. And if he happened to lift any hats off people's heads, he did not wait to replace them; he was in a hurry, and every moment was important.

And as soon as he reached Don Peque, he filled the lungs of his kite, which rose majestically into the air, cheered on by the shouts of the crowd. Don Peque held the string proudly, just as if he were a sultan leading a gigantic camel by the bridle.

Don Aire then returned calmly to his mountain playground. But the kite had proved itself, and Don Peque's honor was saved.

How happy the boy was when he returned to his house! . . .

Not even the air will forget a friend. Not even the air! . . .

—From "Cuentos de los Juquetes Vivos" by Antoniorrobes.

Sentries of the Switchboard

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

"THERE'S a fire in the basement!" shouted a man outside the street door of the telephone building in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. The words, rising sharply on the midnight air, reached the ears of Fredda Richardson, who was alone at the switchboard on the second floor.

Turning her head, she could see wisps of smoke already curling in through an open window. The flames had evidently gained a good start. Immediately she rang the fire alarm and notified the city Fire Department; then continued her work of answering the switchboard calls.

Louder and louder rose the clamor in the street while more and more smoke was blown in through the window until there was a dense cloud in the room. Men were trying to enter the building by the front and rear doors, but flames were licking the walls of the hall and mounting in spirals along the stairs. A ladder was raised and a fireman climbed through the smoke to the second-floor window. But, although she was almost suffocated, as well as almost blinded, the switchboard operator stuck to her post; for ever since the alarm had sounded there had been unusually heavy traffic at the exchange.

Excited voices on the telephone kept asking the location of the fire, and Miss Richardson answered each question while flames were actually spreading across the floor of the room in which she sat. Then a fireman climbed in at the window and shouted to her through the smoke. "I must save the office records!" she answered and, while the man held a wet handkerchief over her face, she collected toll-tickets and books and handed them to another man on the ladder at the window.

Then she sat down again at the switchboard and answered the in-pouring calls until she was so blinded by smoke that she couldn't see the line signals. When at last she allowed the men to help her down the ladder, she had been at her post for thirty-five minutes since



BELL TELEPHONE NEWS

Operators entered the telephone building at Marietta, Ohio, by the upper windows during the floods last year

the first shout of "Fire!" from the street.

The women of the telephone exchanges are trained to think and act quickly. Two hours after midnight, when most of the townspeople were asleep, thieves broke into the bank at Parkesburg, Pennsylvania, overpowered the watchman, and were starting to saw a bolt on the door of the vault when the burglar alarm went off. A bell in the main room of the bank began to ring, but the robbers immediately silenced it with a blow from a hammer. The noise of the crash, however, was heard by a man in the house next door, and he promptly telephoned "Central." At that time there was only one girl at the switchboard in the exchange building, which was situated near the bank, and that girl knew from experience that it was often very difficult to awaken people after midnight by calling them on the telephone. So instead of trying to arouse them in that way, she instantly blew the fire siren, which was connected with a switch in her office. The siren sent forth its ear-piercing screech and before that raucous blare had ended the whole town was awake and the robbers, empty-handed, were flying from the bank.

In countless ways these sentries of the

switchboard serve the public. Late on an April night in 1933, a message was received at the exchange in Dover, Delaware, stating that there had been a train wreck four miles from the city and that two people had been killed and a dozen injured. Mrs. Margaret B. Grant was in sole charge, and immediately she mapped out her plan of action. She called the Dover railroad agent, and when there was no answer from the station, she rang him up at his home. He asked her to notify the train dispatcher at Wilmington, which she instantly did. Then she called the railroad physician; he was out of town, but she speedily located his assistant. Next she called the State Highway Police and, learning that the men were out on patrol, she telephoned the garages along the route and asked them to get word of the wreck to the policemen in their district. After that she rang up the fire house for an ambulance and, being told that some of the ambulance squad were volunteer workers, she asked for a list of their names and called each man at his house. Finally she tried to get in touch with the railroad man in charge of clearing the tracks; he had no telephone, and so she called his next-door neighbor and asked him to give the message. While she was thus so busily engaged, she was also constantly answering calls from relatives and friends of passengers on the train.

When a blizzard sweeps across the country, it is the telephone that brings aid to sick or starving people cut off from the outside world. One night when a sleet storm was raging, the switchboard girl at Virginia, Minnesota, received a call from a distant farmhouse asking that a doctor be sent there. She tried to call the first physician in the directory; his telephone had been put out of service by the blizzard. She tried another and another, each was impossible to reach; on the sixth attempt, however, she managed to get into communication with a doctor, who said he would try to reach the farm. He battled his way there, and, finding that four people had been overcome by escaping gas from a frozen main, started artificial respiration and saved the victims' lives.

If levees break on the Mississippi, the switchboard operators send the message to each house that has a telephone: "The levee has broken. Your telephone is being taken out of service. Prepare to leave the city." They also try to supply information about missing people and locate members of families divided by the floods. When the Weather Bu-

reau at Washington broadcasts word that a hurricane is sweeping north on the Atlantic Ocean, the telephone exchanges in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras flash the message to the far-scattered homes on that low-lying, unsheltered coast. Many a cabin cannot be reached by telephone; but the fishermen who receive the hurricane warning carry it quickly by boat to the dwellers on islands and on isolated stretches of beach.

When the streets of a city become roaring rivers, the telephone army fights a mighty battle with the floods. The switchboard girls of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on St. Patrick's Day in 1936, heard that the water was rising steadily on the ground floor of their building. Now it was up to three feet; now four feet—five! Soon the water was within a few feet of the second floor and the switchboard room.

As the water rose, so did the volume of telephone calls, long distance as well as local, until it seemed as if everyone in the city and surrounding country was asking for aid or information. Twilight came, then night. The electric light power had stopped early in the afternoon. Someone found a flashlight and three candles.

The noise of the flood in the street was a continual roar. A terrific crash made every girl jump and the candles flicker wildly. A huge piece of wreckage had smashed through the plate glass window of a store on the ground floor and was being hurled from wall to wall. After that through the long night the girls worked to the accompaniment of a battering beneath their feet that shook the whole building.

One candle burned out, then another. The third, however, and the battery in the torch lasted until the first glimmer of dawn crept in through the windows. Boats would now bring a fresh shift of workers and those who had sat at the switchboard for a day and night could snatch a brief rest.

Men can prepare defenses against floods as they cannot against fires, tornadoes, or cloudbursts; they can make ready for a siege as do the garrisons of beleaguered cities. So when the swollen rivers threatened Pittsburgh, the telephone company bought every lantern, lamp, flashlight, and oil stove they could find; turned storerooms into dormitories; stocked their cafeterias with food enough to supply their army with three meals a day for a couple of weeks. In Williamsport, when the Susquehanna began to rise, men worked all through the night piling sandbags across gratings of

basement windows and building dikes around the window-wells.

In spite of their efforts, the flood broke a window and in the twinkling of an eye the water was fifteen inches deep in the basement and almost up to the main power switch. The heater fires had been dumped and the basement was filled with coal gas; if the water reached the switch there might be a flash and an explosion. Two men dashed to the switch, yanked it, and darted for the stairs while water poured in so fast that the displaced air whistled through the cracks of the tightly-fastened doors.

So many calls were coming in to the switchboard that the main fuse blew out and a substitute fuse had to be cut in. Doors were caulked to keep the water from the dial machines on the first floor and pole-jacks used to lift the massive motor generator sets four feet toward the ceiling. But the flood won; the last message was sent: "All safe. Big fire raging nearby."

Recruits for the switchboard came in boats to the telephone building in Sharpsburg, which lies between the Allegheny River and tall bluffs. Doors were sealed and sentries stationed to give the alarm in case of leaks. At midnight a little trickle seeped into the basement and a squad of men pushed the stream to the pump that would eject it into the town sewers. Water, however, began to ooze through the cement floor and tiny fissures widened into good-sized cracks. Every girl in the traffic room upstairs was busily answering calls, when at five o'clock in the morning there was a terrific explosion at Etna, a nearby town, that rocked the country for miles, killed several people, and flooded the Sharpsburg switchboard with calls for help.

At ten o'clock one of the basement windows broke and the men had to leap so quickly to the stairway to avoid being drowned that they had no time to pull the battery discharge fuses. Foot by foot the water rose until it was above the floor of the traffic room. The switchboard girls put on overshoes and galoshes and stuck to their work while the water crept around their ankles.

Then abruptly the switchboard went dead,



BELL TELEPHONE NEWS

In Cairo, Illinois, last spring, these boats were tied to the back of the telephone building in case of extreme emergency

and each girl jumped from her seat for safety.

Men turned tables upside down to serve as boats, and then, with the girls as passengers, steered to the windows, where the girls could perch on the sills. Motors that could be lifted and office records were piled on high desks. But the water kept on rising, and finally girls and men climbed through the windows and up to the roof, where they huddled, half-frozen and drenched with rain.

Some men arrived on a raft, hastily constructed of lumber and old kegs. They tied up to a window, but the girls thought it was too risky to embark on so tip-tilting a craft. Five men volunteered to go and search for boats; they had scarcely stepped aboard the raft, however, when it up-ended and all the crew had to leap to the window-sills. Not until night did rescue come in the shape of a broad-bottomed barge that could safely navigate the current.

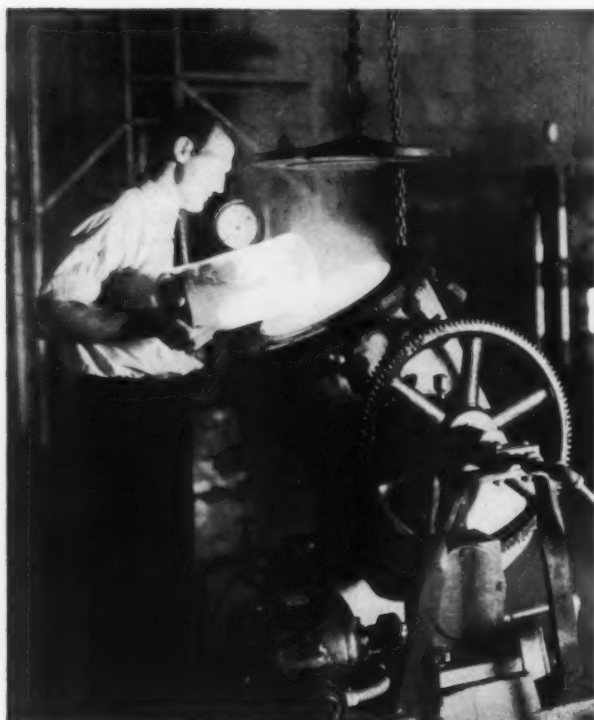
Men and women who happen to be off duty at such times of community peril have shown remarkable qualities of courage and endurance in their efforts to report for service. Such a woman was the chief telephone operator in an Ohio town, whose home was in another town, some miles distant. When she set out from her house for the office the water was already deep in the street, but she got aboard the last electric car that was trying to make the run between the two towns. The car went a short distance and was stopped by the flood. Still undaunted, although all the other passengers were turning back, this woman plowed her way across open fields where the snow was

knee-deep until she reached a railroad track. The rails and ties were coated with ice but, though she slipped and slid at every step, she went along the track until she came to a trestle. The trestle spanned a ravine, and the flood had mounted so high there that as she crawled forward the water was around her

feet. A single mis-step and she would be swept into the torrent. She crossed that trestle safely, however, and then another and traveled more than a mile along that slippery track before she reached the telephone office and her post of service at the switchboard.

Better Than Aladdin's Lamp

MARY PORTER RUSSELL



Useful "plastic" articles are molded through chemical treatment from such things as sawdust

IF YOU had been in a busy section of one of our large cities not long ago, you would have seen a peculiar sight. A slim, dark man was walking down the street, followed by a group of men, women, and excited children. The man's clothes, rich and lustrous, were of the most brilliant colors you have ever seen; on his proudly carried head he wore a turban.

When the stranger came to a nearby factory, he entered and asked for the manager. "I am from the land of Aladdin," he was heard to introduce himself. "Far have I traveled to see the wonders of your land, which I have

heard do rival the magic of Aladdin's lamp. Will you show me these marvels?"

"I am afraid I can not show you all of them," replied the manager, "but I shall gladly display those in our factory." He then guided his caller through the plant, pointing out matters of interest. At the efficiency of the great machines the visitor exclaimed in astonishment. But before one small device he stood silent, seemingly unable to believe his eyes. It was A Something that separated the faulty product from the perfect. It was not a human being—it was not even a living thing: and yet it *saw*, and it appeared to think! Suddenly the man began jabbering to himself in an unknown tongue and rushed from the building. No one saw him again.

Whether this stranger was really from the land of Aladdin or whether he sprang from an advertising man's head, you may decide as you please. In any case, it makes a good story, don't you think? For if Aladdin, himself, were to step from the covers of "The Arabian Nights" for a visit to present-day America, just imagine how astonished he would be, not only at our factories, but at our automobiles, our airplanes, our moving pictures and our radios. When he found that our wonders were truly dependable, founded on science, not magic, his pride in his famed lamp might be dimmed.

We have become so used to our many great inventions of the past fifty years that we quite take them for granted.

It is hard to believe how short a time ago people laughed at the idea that they could ever be perfected.

Early in this very century, outstanding scientists insisted that aviation could never be

more than a dream—and a wild one. In 1900 a newspaper complimented Theodore Roosevelt for his “characteristic courage” when he rode in an automobile. Not many telephones were at that time in use, and moving pictures and electric refrigerators were unknown to the people.

As for radio, what sane man would have accepted so foolish an idea as *that*?

Now that these inventions have become commonplace, the men and women who ridiculed them must feel pretty silly. Perhaps it would be safer for us not to laugh at any idea advanced today, no matter how fantastic it may seem. For the world is not going to stay just as it is. New inventions are forever being made. Some of them may bring as many changes into our lives in the next thirty-five years as those mentioned have brought in the last thirty-five.

We can not guess what all of these changes will be. Who can see what great idea may be lying undeveloped in some small boy's head? But a few inventions are already so far advanced that we can foresee something of their effect. One of these is the photo-electric cell, which so amazed the visitor from the land of Aladdin.

This wonderful device is often called the electric eye. It really can see; and it brings electrical action on what it sees, according to the way it has been “trained.” For instance, it sees a waitress coming toward a door with a tray in her hands and promptly swings the door open for her to pass. It can be adjusted to perform so many tasks that it almost seems to have a mind.

Factory owners have found that the electric eye makes a perfect inspector for detecting flaws in their products. It will quickly throw to one side candy bars that are not wrapped properly, razor blades that are not sharp enough, or toys that have been cracked or bent. This model employee never daydreams. It is never slow and drowsy from long hours at work or from loss of sleep. It is so sensitive to light that it will turn on street lights at just the right moment when daylight fades. It will even sort checks and bills for business men—and it will match false teeth!

But the finest use of the electric eye is in providing safety. It protects factory workers from dangerous machines; it sounds fire and burglar alarms; it detects icebergs and ships through fog; it operates safety doors in mines; it dims headlights of automobiles at the approach of another car.



N. B. C. PHOTO

A television receiver. Dials like those on a radio are used to tune in both sound and pictures. The image is received in a horizontal position and a mirror reflects it to those seated around

These examples give you only a small idea of what the electric eye can do. All of the pages of this magazine would be needed to describe the full number of uses to which it is already being put. As for its future uses, nobody can say how great a part it may some day play in our lives. New inventions based on it are continually being patented.

One of these is a cotton picker, fitted with electric eyes to see which bolls are ready to be picked. This machine is very new, and not much concerning it is yet known. It is too early to say whether or not it may become a rival of the Rust brothers' cotton picker, which was described in the November News.

Sometimes it does happen that there is a contest between inventions to see which of them can do the same thing better. And sometimes one invention does away with the need for an entirely different invention. For instance, much artificial cloth is made of wood and other materials. Will chemists invent ways to make this artificial cloth better and cheaper than that made of cotton?

If so, we should need to raise far less cotton. You can see how that would affect any kind of cotton picking machinery.

Artificial cloth is only one of our products that is not what it seems. Many articles you use every day of your life are made of chemicals mixed with materials once considered waste, such as corn husks and sawdust. Some are even made of sour milk!

The materials resulting from these queer mixtures are called plastics, because they can be molded into so many forms. Thousands of beautiful, useful articles are made from plastics. They include bright-colored toothbrush handles, raincoats, fountain pens, beads, combs, and lamp shades.

As the years go by, plastics may be used for almost every imaginable purpose. Ways may be found to make them very cheaply, so that they will help to reduce the cost of living.

Among other discoveries chemists have been making of late is the fact that certain vegetables can be grown without soil. In a liquid of water and chemicals they grow so fast you can almost watch them change their size. So far, the vegetables raised in this way have not been so good as those raised in soil. But chemists are still experimenting, and who can tell what improvements they may make?

How would you like to grow potatoes and tomatoes in a pail of water in your own kitchen? That would be fine for you and your mother, but bad news, I am afraid, for the truck farmer.

One of the great inventions sure to come into our lives in the future is television. We shall be able to sit in our homes and see happenings from all over the world as we now hear them on the radio. The images will be much like those on a moving picture screen.

School children of the future will have a pleasant way to learn their geography lessons. Very probably they will sit at their desks and see the world by television instead of reading about it from books. Television will make the people of different countries better acquainted

with each other.

It will help, in this way, to increase friendliness between nations.

In England, television sets are already being sold, and the British Broadcasting Corporation is sending out television programs for an hour every afternoon and an hour every evening. But these showings are poor samples of what we may expect in the future. The pictures received are not very clear—and they are much too small. There is something very funny about hearing a tiny man on a small screen speak in as big a voice as if he were a full-sized person.

In our own country it has been thought better not to give television to the public until the pictures can be improved. Just how long we shall have to wait is not known. Still, television is coming just as surely as Christmas is coming; and looking forward to it gives one the same kind of excited feeling.

Of the inventions and discoveries mentioned in this article, which do you think will add most to the happiness of mankind? I should say the electric eye. That may seem a strange choice, because it will take jobs away from many thousands of men and women. But much of the work it will do will be dreary, stupid work—the kind that dulls men's minds and makes them tired of living. It will be a wonderful slave of human beings to save them from drudgery.

Ways must be found to fit the displaced workers into new kinds of employment, perhaps at far shorter hours of labor.

Television and other industries of the future will create countless new jobs requiring training and skill. That is one reason it is so important for boys and girls to study and improve their minds. In our world of the future there will be much interesting work to be done. But there will be less need for uneducated men and women than ever before.

Lost and Found

Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

I lost my shining penny:
I thought, I'll have to go
Home with empty pockets,
And nothing fine to show.

But on the way a willow
Gave me a whistle new:
I peeled the bark, and on it
A merry tune I blew.

I found a hawk's gray feather,
I heard a redbird call.
So I didn't have to go home
With nothing, after all!



Terzakis told them about the boys and girls who once lived in that old Greek city

Perisa's Play Street

LOUISE E. BALDWIN

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

PERISA on her crutches walked slowly along Plum Street toward Star Square. Her brother Nicolas ran ahead. Every night she played a wishing game. She wished all the wagons and trucks would be gone from Star Square so that the boys and girls on the block could play in it.

The little square which opened off Plum Street had tenement houses on each side. The blank wall of a factory closed it up tight. Star Square was a fine place for trucks and wagons to park during the day, and for children to play at night. Indeed, it was the only place they had. There was not a park or a playground in the whole Greek section of East Side New York.

So Perisa's wish did come true at night. If only it could come true daytimes as well, then Perisa would be really happy.

The racing autos and great rumbling wagons frightened her when she watched the children playing. She remembered so well the day she had run after baby Luigi Montana. She had saved Luigi, but the truck had struck her. She had spent weeks in the hospital. Now she must walk on crutches until she was strong again.

"Hi, Perisa!" called Joe Montana, as she entered Star Square. "This is a special night.

Look, we found an old mattress. Watch it burn!"

With loud huzzas the Italian boys flung the mattress on their bonfire. The children's shadows danced on the walls of the buildings that hemmed in Star Square. A larger shadow bobbed along, too.

"Here's the Story Teller Man!" cried Perisa. Oh, it *was* a special night. She had not even thought of wishing for Old Terzakis.

The children loved the Story Teller Man. He was a Greek, but he spoke Italian and Spanish, too. He made the children recite in their native languages. He taught them old songs, and told them stories of their homelands. If, first, they were good Greeks and Italians and Spaniards, he told them, then they would be better Americans.

"Tell us a story of the children of old Athens," said Perisa.

"Yes!" cried the children, gathering round.

So Terzakis told them about the boys and girls who once lived in that old Greek city where all the buildings were beautiful, especially the Parthenon.

"Part of it still stands today, honey-colored under the bluest blue sky in the world," he finished. "And the great blocks of stone are so finely fitted together, Perisa, that your

mother could not even push her sewing needle between them."

In the firelight Perisa looked around Star Square. The sidewalks were broken and filled with muddy pools of water from last night's rain. The old brownstone tenement buildings were cracked and peeling.

"Athens must be so beautiful," she sighed.

"Yes," agreed Terzakis. "Yet I know that in a part of Athens today whole families live in crowded one-room huts."

"Then it's not all nice in beautiful places!" cried Perisa.

The old man shook his head. "No, but even so, no matter where you live, things could be made nicer."

Then the Greek children sang with him an old Greek chant, while the fire hissed a little song of its own. The boys leaped and ran on the sidewalk and played shadow tag.

Tony, the hurdy-gurdy man, stopped to grind out gay tunes. The girls danced in and out of the star-pattern on the pavement.

"It's such a happy square," said Perisa. "Oh, Nicolas, I wish we could play here day-times, too. Then no one would get hurt."

"You're always wishing," shrugged Nicolas.

Still Perisa could not help wishing with all her heart—but what had the Story Teller Man said? Things could be *made* nicer. That meant you must do something, not just wish. What could Perisa do? Perhaps Nicolas and Joe Montana would know.

The boys only laughed at her.

"Whoever heard of a play square?" asked Joe scornfully.

"You have playgrounds, or you don't," added Nicolas.

"Just the same, I'm going to do something about Star Square," replied Perisa.

Next morning Perisa went into the coffee shop where her father was waiter. Surely the Greek men would help make a safe play place for their children.

Although the men stopped playing cards to listen, they did not understand. They patted her head and gave her a tiny cup of coffee and a dish of *yeourti*, thick sour cream, which she sprinkled with sugar.

Perisa remembered how the Doctor had brought her dishes of *yeourti* in the hospital. She had always shared some with him because he liked it, too.

The Doctor, of course, the Doctor! Hadn't he said he would help if ever she needed anything?

Perisa hurried out of the coffee shop. The

doctor lived far away. She must start at once.

It was a long, long walk up Plum and Pearl Streets to Broadway. Perisa grew tired and frightened. There were so many people on the sidewalks and so many autos at crossings. She went up to a big policeman.

"Where're you going?" he asked, bending 'way over.

"To Dr. Ball, Forest Apartments on East Thirty-Fourth Street," said Perisa.

"You came from Plum? Now that's a walk. And miles to go! Gotta see him?"

Perisa nodded with tears in her eyes. She really could not walk any farther. She wished she could ride.

"Hey, Jim," called the policeman to a passing truck-driver friend. "Going to East Thirty-Fourth? Then take this lady with you."

He popped her into the truck, gave directions, and off went Perisa before she realized that her wish was being granted.

As she got out of the truck at Forest Apartments, a man came from the house.

"Doctor!" she called, swinging eagerly towards him.

"Bless my soul! Perisa!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I was just wishing I knew how you were. Are you real, or are you a wish?"

Perisa laughed in surprise. "Why, I'm real, but I *am* a wish, all one great big wish. How'd you guess?"

"Doctors guess all sorts of things. Come rest in my car, and tell me all about it."

Perisa told the Doctor her wish to make Star Square a safe place for children to play.

"That's a wonderful idea!" cried the Doctor. "I think the Settlement House Lady will help us. Let's go see."

So the Doctor drove Perisa to the East Side Settlement House. There Perisa told her story all over again.

The Settlement House Lady listened and said nothing.

Perhaps there wasn't anything anybody could do to help, thought Perisa. She clasped her hands tightly together. She must not cry.

"Suppose you tell us," said the Lady suddenly, "what you'd do if Star Square belonged to you."

"Nice and clean and safe I'd make it," cried Perisa, excitedly thumping the floor with her crutch. "I'd get rid of those horrid trucks and wagons. Then I'd tell all the children to come there and play games—like hopscotch and skip-rope and tag."

To Perisa's surprise the Settlement House

Lady jumped up and clapped her hands.

"That's just what a crowded city needs, Perisa, safe play streets. We'll do our best to make Star Square a play street for the children."

Her orders were still going on as Perisa and the Doctor left.

When Perisa got home, she found the whole block hunting her. Mama caught Perisa and held her tight. "I was afraid — those autos—"

Papa hovered around. Nicolas grinned in relief.

"For supper you must stay, Doctor," cried Mama, rushing into the kitchen. Soon fine odors of onions, tomatoes, and garlic drifted out. Mama looked in the door and nodded at the Doctor.

"And it's *yeourt* you shall have, too."

In the days that followed, Perisa went often to Star Square. Always it was full of parked trucks. When Nicolas teased her, Perisa said, "Wait. The Doctor and the Settlement House Lady said they'd help. Something will happen. You'll see!"

At last something did happen. Perisa saw a big "No Parking" sign go up across Star Square. Then she saw two more signs placed at each end of Plum Street. These said, "Play Street. Please detour unless you have business in this block."

The city was making not only little Star Square but all of Plum Street into one play street just like a playground!

"Can't I do something?" begged Perisa.

"We want you all to help," replied the Settlement House Lady, who was watching the progress of the work. "Your idea has grown until now it belongs to the city, Perisa. But also it especially belongs to all the boys and girls in the neighborhood."

"That's great!" cried Nicolas, who was listening. "If it's ours, let's have checkers."

So the children made checkerboards from old planks, and cut up broomstick handles for checkers.



She went up to a big policeman

Joe Montana thought of sidewalk bowling. So the children cut blocks from scrap wood and cut up more broomstick handles for rollers to knock down the blocks.

One boy was learning woodworking in school. Another boy liked to whittle. A little Spanish girl asked if she could paint outdoors. So they made a woodwork and chip-carving bench and a painting table.

There seemed no end to the things the children planned. It was a wonderful play street, with something for everyone. Star Square itself was kept for the littlest children, and for dancing.

At last everything was ready. The whole neighborhood was invited to opening night. Plum

Street was hung with flags and paper. There were lanterns, too, and the bright bonfires the boys loved.

Perisa on her crutches and Mama and Papa and Nicolas all went together to Star Square. There was music, with guitars and mandolins, and Tony's hurdy-gurdy. The young people began to sway and then to dance, folk dances of Greece, Italy, and Spain.

The older folks looked on, laughing and singing. An old man swung an old lady into a dance. One after another joined, until mothers and fathers with faces alight were taking part in the old-time dances.

Perisa swayed, too, as the gay music stirred her heart. The one memory of her home in Greece, the memory she had lately tried so hard to forget, came back. She remembered dancing under a silvery green olive tree outside a white cottage.

Somehow the memory became mixed up with the music. She forgot her crutches. Little Perisa, head tilted and black eyes sparkling in the firelight, was dancing in the center of the star. Everyone stopped to watch her. She was dancing happily as once she had

(Continued on page 27)

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The Calendar Picture

IF YOU wish to know the truth about these boys, they are precious rascals! They should have been delivering melons in the streets of Toledo. But once outside the walls of the city, on their way to the market garden, they were seized with a longing to explore the world, as so many Spaniards have been. What an adventure to follow the river, the Tagus, across the vast brown country!

They could not lose themselves, for they knew that the river cut its way across Spain, across Portugal, and came out at Lisbon and the Atlantic. What wild gorges and mountain passes they would thread on their way! What strange cities they would see, what cork groves and strong castles on crags, before they came to the sea—that same ocean that Columbus and the Portuguese navigators had put on the map with savage golden boundaries.

And now the aviators were bringing those boundaries within the reach of a few days. Yes, nothing should keep our donkey boys from getting to the other side.

But after an hour, when they stopped to water their panting donkeys, there was Toledo, that gray old city, still piled up on its hilltop in the background. They had gone

miles, yet had not passed so much as a farm where a boy might get a handful of olives and a bit of bread.

After all, could there be any place grander, more secure and abundant than Toledo? So they turned back, not knowing that when they were men they would have to fight and die for the grim, beautiful city.—A. M. U.

Swedish-American Celebrations

THREE hundred years ago the first colony of Swedes landed in two small ships, the *Calmare Nyckel* (Key of Kalmar), and the *Fogel Grip* (Bird Griffin), on the shores of America. At Tinicum Island in the Delaware River, they set up the capital of "New Sweden." Later on their colony was taken by the Dutch settlers in what is now New York and later still, the Swedish settlers became a part of the English colonial empire.

When news of Charles Lindbergh's lone trans-Atlantic flight in 1927 came to Colonel Longstreth, owner of Tinicum Island, he sent a telegram from California to the Swedish Colonial Society, offering to give the society the island provided it be made a park to honor the flyer, who is of Swedish descent. The park now belongs to the state of Pennsylvania and is called the Printz-Lindbergh Park in honor of the flyer and of the first governor of New Sweden.

This year the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing will be celebrated in the park. Workmen getting the park ready for the celebrations brought to light the foundations of Governor Printz's "mansion" as well as old Swedish coins, pipes, knives, a cannon ball, and tear bottles. In those old days such bottles were used to collect the tears shed at New Sweden funerals and were buried with the object of all that grief.

The Day of the Americas

THE PRESIDENT of the United States and the presidents of all the other twenty republics in the Western Hemisphere have, by proclamation, named April 14 as Pan American Day. Each year this day, the Day of the Americas, is observed to emphasize the bonds of friendship that unite the American republics. Schools in half the world will take part in the celebrations. You'd better begin now with your plans. Write to the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., for material that will help you in your celebrations.

Something to Read

Tales of a Chinese Grandmother

FRANCES CARPENTER

Doubleday, Doran: \$2.50
(Ages 8-12)

THIS is an interesting book of short tales of Chinese folklore. They are told by a Chinese grandmother to her grandchildren. They show how good always overcomes evil.

The story I think of most often is that of the Chin Emperor. "The Only First" was going to make a wall to keep away his foes. It would be like a horse-shoe around China. He sent men to work. They worked hard and died fast. The gods came to their rescue and gave them magic cords to help them build the wall. They no longer felt the strain. Then "The Only First" found the cords and made a whip. The whip was to make rocks roll into their places and stop the flow of water while the walls were being made. The work went a lot faster but, alas, the whip was stolen.

If you want to know how the whip was stolen and how good finally won over evil, you must read "The Tales of a Chinese Grandmother."

—James Lee Howard, age 9.

Rosemary School, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

The Blue and Silver Necklace

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

Little, Brown and Co.: \$2.00 (Ages 7 to 10)

A-LA, in this story, is a Hopi Indian girl who lived in a pueblo high on a mesa in Arizona.

At the foot of the mesa, the high flat rock on which the pueblo was built, was the desert. A-la loved the desert at all times of the year. All sorts of interesting things happened there. She took the sheep out every day, to find pasture.

One of the sheep, which was her favorite, was called "Without-a-name." Without-a-name went everywhere with A-la. Then one day A-la lost her beautiful turquoise and silver necklace, and Without-a-name found it for



her. After that the sheep was called Shosh-po-si, which means "Turquoise." She was called 'Po-si' for short.

On the clay wall of A-la's pueblo, back in a corner, was the print of her hand. A-la had helped to plaster the walls, as the women and girls of the Hopi tribe had done in many yesterdays. Under the handprint, in the clay, though no one but A-la knew it, was a piece of 'Po-si's wool.

When A-la first heard that her family would move into a new house like those at the trading post, she was sorry. But when 'Po-si stepped in the soft cement of the bottom step and pushed A-la so that her hand made a print beside the hoof mark, A-la felt that the new house was hers, too.

There was a story from this book, "Best-Loved Things Change Hands," in the November, 1936, News.—C. E. W.

Book Note

WHEN WE review books, we always give the prices as well as the name and address of the publishers. But we failed to give prices for two of our recent back covers and for the book from which we took the story about duck raising in the February News.

The back cover for January was taken from a book of safety songs called "Sing a Song of Safety," and if you don't find it in a book store, you can get it by sending a dollar to the publisher, Irving Caesar, 1619 Broadway, New York City. "All the Year Round" is a book about the interesting things going on out-of-doors the year through in this big country of ours—such things as beekeeping, oyster gathering, breaking colts. You may get this for two dollars from Alfred A. Knopf, New York City. "Poor Lady Dumpling," on the February back cover, is from a book of twenty-four nursery rhymes, some of them with music as well as words. The publisher is Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City, the price a dollar and a half.

Jenny Lind

INGRID SUNDSTROM

THE clock on St. Jacob's Church in Stockholm had just struck twelve. The passers-by stopped to watch the soldiers coming to mount guard, headed by their band. Among those who listened with the greatest attention was a little girl of three, Jenny Lind, who had just arrived from the country, where she had been living with a village organist.

That day, little Jenny, who had climbed to the window, was pressing her nose against the glass, the better to hear the gay fanfare. The soldiers had disappeared some time before the music ceased to ring in the ears of the child. She jumped up and down, and making sure that no one saw her, went to the piano. She tried a note and then another, and soon she was playing with one finger the march she had just heard.

Suddenly her grandmother's voice made her hide under the piano.

"Was it you playing, my child?"

The surprised tone frightened Jenny. She thought she had done something wrong and answered, "yes," with a sob. But she was soon consoled, and a short time afterwards she had the joy of taking her first piano lesson. She often composed little tunes which she sang to her cat, seated at the window.

Among those who listened to Jenny's songs there happened to be the dresser of one of the dancers at the Theater Royal. She spoke of the child to her mistress, who asked the little girl's name and wrote to Jenny's mother, asking to hear her sing. The dancer was very surprised at the child's clear voice. She wrote a letter of recommendation to the professor of singing at the Opera school. The little girl must go on the stage, she told Mrs. Lind. The latter detested the theater; however, she wished to know the professor's opinion as to whether it was worth while to have her daughter taught singing. She hesitated again before mounting the stairs to the theater, and almost turned back. But Jenny pulled hard at her mother's hand; she wanted to show that she could sing. At last they found themselves in the singing master's presence.

Jenny was then nine years old. She was quite small, and shy, but she sang her little

songs, and the old man listened with tears in his eyes. The theater director would not hear of taking such a young pupil. Nine years old! Did they take the Theater Royal for a kindergarten? The old professor said he would give free singing lessons to Jenny, and that one day the director would be surprised. Hearing that, the director thought he had better hear the child sing. And he, too, was moved to tears by her singing.

Mrs. Lind could not refuse the director's offer to bring up her daughter at the expense of the Theater Royal, for she did not feel able to give Jenny the education that she should have.

Then began for Jenny a period of diligent work, both at school and at singing classes. She soon appeared on the stage in a child's part. She was so natural, so gay, and so friendly, that the newspapers praised her to the skies.

She learned sewing, drawing, and French, and attended classes in religious instruction. She always had good marks for religious instruction.

At seventeen, Jenny had a part in the opera "Der Freischütz." She had studied it thoroughly, and she sang with so much feeling that the public gave her a triumphal ovation. On returning home, she felt born to a new life. She was conscious of having received a gift from heaven, and she felt the responsibility of her power over crowds. She made a resolution, there and then, to do every possible good. All her life she celebrated this memorable day.

For another year she sang at Stockholm and Upsala. The king appointed her singer to the court, and everywhere she was overwhelmed with attention. The applause did not turn her head; she received the ovations with modesty, saying to herself that she would deserve them some day.

After a winter of hard work, she left Sweden to study in Paris with the greatest singing master of the time. She went to see him as soon as she arrived, but alas, the fatigue of the journey had cruelly affected her voice. The master advised her to come back and see

him in six weeks, and not to sing at all until that time. At first Jenny was overwhelmed by these words. But she devoted the six weeks to the study of Italian, so important for singing, and to French grammar. And then she had to forget her old method of singing and learn a new one. The results were marvelous.

Now Jenny Lind longed to return to Sweden; she wondered if they had forgotten her, if the theater would take her back, or if she would have to earn her living by singing in the streets. She worried herself needlessly, for her country gave her a memorable welcome. Each time she sang, the theater was crowded, and the applause never-ending. Jenny was the only one who did not lose her self-control. She told herself every morning, "If this day were my last, I would want to prove my gratitude for the gift I have received." She considered that in exchange for this gift, she should give much away. Her tastes were simple, and from the beginning she gave most of her salary to the poor, and sang at all the charity concerts.

Her stay in Sweden was short. Other countries called her and wished to hear the "Swedish nightingale." One day she went to sing at the bedside of a sick man who listened with so much pleasure that he soon got better. She traveled through Germany, Austria, England, where the greatest composers paid homage to her. The most important persons of these countries were only too happy when she accepted their invitations and presents. Theaters were transformed into flower beds at the end of each performance. The students unharnessed the horses of her carriage and pulled it through the town.

In the midst of her triumph Jenny Lind felt alone and dissatisfied with herself. She wanted to leave the theater as soon as she had enough money. In all the towns she passed through, she set aside a large part of her earnings for the hospitals and orphanages. Her aim was to found in Sweden a home for children where those who were gifted could study the arts at the same time as they were receiving a good home training.

In 1848, when she was twenty-eight years old, Jenny Lind said good-bye to the theater, though she continued to sing at concerts, particularly at sacred concerts.

Oratorios suited her voice even better than secular music.

She came back to Sweden for the last time. She sang there always now without any pay, for she remembered that she had been



SWEDISH J.R.C. MAGAZINE

Making sure that no one saw her, she went to the piano

brought up at the expense of the state. The last time that she sang before the royal family the Queen offered her a beautiful bracelet. But Jenny Lind replied: "Will your Majesty permit me to accept this little forget-me-not flower in exchange for my singing?" The Queen was much touched, agreed to her request, and Jenny always kept the flower as a souvenir. She wanted to settle down quietly, but she sang for the benefit of numerous charitable organizations and private individuals. Then she left the country. On her departure she received a medal with an address paying tribute to the good she had done by her singing.

After her marriage, she went to live in England, which became a second country to her. She lived happily with her husband and children in a quiet country house. The flowers, the birds and the sun were her delight.

One day one of her friends asked why she had left the stage at the height of success. Jenny Lind answered, "Because it made me think too little of this," and she indicated the Bible she was holding, "and not at all of that," and she pointed to the sun which was just setting.

England, which had adopted Jenny Lind as a daughter, placed a memorial to her in Westminster Abbey.

—The Swedish Junior Red Cross Magazine

Two "Gardens for Children" in Mexico

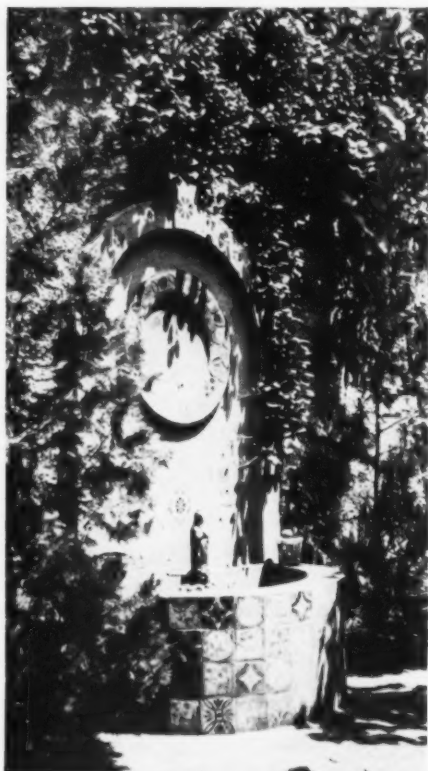
PRISCILLA HOLTON

WE LIVE in Guadalajara. Some of you have been here. Others will be coming as soon as the great highway between Mexico City and Guadalajara is finished. Then I can show you how beautiful this city is. We are part of a high plain in the central part of Mexico. Our weather is always cool and comfortable. The sky is so blue that we want to live out of doors all the time.

Flowers bloom every month of the year. When the jasmines drop their white blossoms, the white roses lift theirs. An orange vine which floods the walls of the houses turns our streets into banners of vivid beauty. No wonder Mexican children love music and color and dancing. As often as possible they go off for a day in the country and gather wild flowers while they serenade each other.

Many of them are just as happy about going to school. About two years ago, besides the regular primary schools, the government began to plan what they call "Gardens for Children." These are somewhat like kindergartens, but older children often attend or join some special play. I thought I'd tell you about two of these "gardens" that I have visited.

In the heart of our city there used to be an old dump pile. Now the place is transformed into a garden. All around are swings and flower beds and a great square patio where the children have dances and drills. In the very center of the place is a little house which looks rather like a big doll house. The walls



The fountain in the author's garden in Guadalajara. A figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe forms the fountain head

and low ceilings are painted cream color to match the tiles that shine on the floor. There are just four rooms. The little house seems to invite you to sit down at the tables to play or work, or go out into the tiny kitchen to cook. The first time I visited this school, the children themselves received me in their *sala*. (That's Spanish for reception room.) After they had shown me a model Mexican village they had just finished making, they invited me to take a trip with them to Japan. Out in the patio we formed ourselves into the life-sized "airplane" in the picture, with José as the propeller. Away we flew around the patio, landing at last in the main corridor which faces the garden. And except for the tiles on the

floor, we did seem to be in a Japanese room, for there were great bowls of peach blossoms on the window sills and Japanese exhibits to greet us. We were invited to learn a Japanese song and play a game of Japan. At last the children made a scrapbook to show their friendship for Japan.

Another school I often visit is out in an Indian village called Tonalá. I imagine some of you have in your homes pieces of Mexican pottery, beautifully glazed, and decorated with painted birds or burros or little Indian houses. Probably that pottery was made and baked and painted by the Tonalá Indians, for they are the most famous potters in all Mexico. They are a very shy and silent people. They live behind adobe walls which appear anything but beautiful unless you look closely

enough to see tiny tin cans filled with geraniums or the inner patio filled with gayly painted bowls, drying in the sun. The soil in Tonalá is almost pure clay, and that is how the people first began to make pottery. They couldn't make anything grow but they could, so they found, bake the earth and use it that way to sell to other people. Even the children learn how to help with the work as soon as they can walk. For these Indians are poor and their beautiful pottery brings them very little money. The children learn to crack that hard clay with little hammers of stone. During the dry season of eight months of the year, sores cover their hands because there is never enough water for washing. Besides cracking the clay, the children must help move the great pots which are drying in the sun. As the shade comes, the little girls begin to lug the pots to another side of the patio, and so they continue, all day long, moving and moving the pots, and in between times cracking the clay. It is not strange that the government wanted to make a garden for these children where they could learn to play games and do other work with their hands.

A clean white school was built near a wide and useless field. Wide corridors are open to sun and air. In the dining room there are small round tables and chairs. An Indian from Tonalá who had been away to study was asked to become the principal of the school. To make the walls gay, he began to paint trees and cactus and flowers, using the brightest colors he could mix.

When the parents were invited to come on the first day, to have the teachers explain what the school wanted to do, they came and sat in silent rows around the walls, but they never smiled or said, "How nice" to all the teachers' plans and explanations. When told about games and singing for children, the mothers just frowned. Finally one of them said, "What? Aren't you going to make them work? That three-year-old boy over there—aren't you going to teach him his letters right away? Because if the children aren't going to work in this school, they'd

better be back with us in the patios, cracking clay."

"But they will be at home all through the afternoons," the director replied. "Isn't that enough time for working?"

But the mothers shook their heads and went home, taking their children with them.

The teachers sat very quietly, thinking and thinking of what to do. Some of them came to me for picture books which had come from the United States. I gave them blocks and wooden beads and the best crayons I could find. A few children dared to come to play with them. One little boy walked two miles in the hot sun to persuade the water carrier to sell him some water for the school. And the Indian director kept on painting the walls and asking the children who came to help him. He told the other teachers to be patient and to wait.

Then one of them had an idea. She asked the government to give her money to buy vegetables and tortillas, the Indian cornbread. Without saying anything, she began making soup for the children who came to school. She brought some good soil from Guadalajara and made a tiny vegetable garden out in the useless field by the school. And then the parents began to be interested. Slowly—ever so slowly—the children began coming to school. One afternoon the teacher invited the mothers to come back again to visit. This time she had brought a few pieces of bright cotton cloth. She had persuaded a sewing teacher from the city schools to come out to teach the mothers to sew. These women had done nothing but crack clay and cook beans and care for children since they were tiny themselves. And they were eager to learn something differ-



An "airplane," with José as propeller

ent. At first their fingers were stiff, but they came every Friday afternoon, and after a while they were making blouses and aprons. Gradually the teacher began to tell the mothers stories about what their children were doing in school. She pointed out the corner of the field where the children were making their own garden. She even taught the mothers the words of the songs they were singing. One day the children stayed with their mothers and they all had a fiesta together. The work goes on very slowly, but the

little Indian clay carriers of Tonalá are having as happy a time together as the children in the gardens of Guadalajara.

And here is a picture of my own patio garden with its fountain of colored tiles and the fountain head of the Virgin of Guadalupe. I'd like to tell you about that and the happy hours we have with boys and girls who come into the patio to play. Perhaps some day you will come to visit us and we will say to you, as the Mexicans do when a guest arrives: *This is your home.*

"Fresh from the Country"



DEPT OF AGRICULTURE

After tobacco is cut, it is hung up to dry

The Lockert School of Clarksville, Tennessee, decided to use the title "Fresh from the Country" for the album they sent to Public School No. 6 in New York City. And this is what they told their big-city friends:

OUR school is on a small country road. There are some woods behind the schoolhouse. In the woods are two large sink-holes. We go for walks in the woods, and go to the sink-holes. There is a spring and a cave about a mile from the schoolhouse, too. Some days we go and eat our lunch at the spring. We have a good time playing in the largest sink-hole.

Our schoolhouse is just a small building. It was planned for two teachers, but this year the enrollment went down, and we have only

one teacher, now. There are thirteen girls and fourteen boys coming. The building is painted white, and the roof, green. Last year we tried to plant cedar trees from the woods in front of the school. Some of them died, and we are going to replace these this winter. Inside, we have two small rooms thrown together.

At one end of the building is a stage. We pull curtains across this to make another room when our recreation leader comes to teach us sewing and other things. We have some tables and chairs and bookshelves painted a pretty green.

We have two stoves with jackets on them to make the heat circulate. Even in the coldest weather we are very comfortable. Because we cannot keep the building warm overnight, we are not able to keep plants through the winter.

Behind the school we have a small flower garden. We keep a few pond perch in a little fishpool there. Early in the spring we have daffodils, snowflakes, and other bulbs blooming on the school grounds.

Our main farm crop is dark fired tobacco, which we sometimes speak of as "The weed." However, we also raise wheat, corn, and hay in large quantities. We sell most of it to local flour mills. We use the corn and hay to feed cattle and hogs.

Early in the spring, the tobacco grower burns off some land for his plant bed to kill

all the little weeds and weed seeds. Plant beds are places where the young tobacco plants are started. The farmer sows a teaspoonful of the tiny seeds to every hundred yards. He mixes the seeds with ashes so that he will not sow the seeds too thick.

Just before the seeds sprout he must put a thin piece of cloth over the plant bed to protect them. He must have some poles laid around the plant bed to fasten the cloth to, and have some little gullies around it so that the seeds will not wash away.

When the plants get about four inches high, the farmer pulls them up by hand and sets them out in holes made with wooden pegs. The boys in the family drop the plants beside the holes and the more experienced men set the plants in.

The fall before, the farmer disks and plows up the ground. In the spring he breaks up the ground again. He makes up hills for the plants with either a hiller or hoe. After the plants are set out, he has to put poison on them to kill the cutworms. When it is small he has to plow and harrow his crop. Later he has to hoe it to keep out the weeds. He must pull suckers and pick off worms. By the time he has suckered it three or four times, the tobacco is ripe and ready to cut. He puts it to dry on a scaffold for three or four days. Then he takes it to the barn and hangs it up on beams there.

In the barn he has to put the wood on the earth floor and cover it with sawdust. He lights the wood and starts a smoke. He keeps the smoke under the tobacco about sixty-five days. Then when there is a rainy day which will make the dry leaves soft and workable, he takes it down and starts stripping the leaves from the stalks. He ties the leaves in bundles and takes it to market in a truck or wagon.

When we are ready to sell our tobacco sometimes a tobacco buyer comes out from town and looks at it on the farm. If his price doesn't suit us, we take it down to Clarksville to a loose floor where it is sold at auction.

There are eight big loose floors in Clarksville. For a long time Clarksville was the largest dark-fired market in the world. It is still a very important tobacco center.

Our tobacco is shipped to many foreign countries. Germany buys much of it. Most years Spain buys a great deal, but because of the war in Spain, we have learned that none will be bought there this year. Much of our tobacco is made into snuff.



DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

The country boy has much work and much fun

In order to get a good price for the weed, you must raise a fine quality of tobacco. There are many difficulties for the farmer trying to raise a fine crop.

If it stays dry too long the sun will burn the plants. If it rains too much they will get the blight of brown spots called wildfire. It usually hails once or twice during the summer, and the stones punch holes in the best leaves. Early and late frost are other worries.

When we put tobacco in the barn, we must have the proper weather. If the tobacco is properly cured there is always danger of burning the barn.

Ninety per cent of the tobacco raised in this section is usually sold to foreign countries. For the last few years these countries have been raising tobacco of their own. This hurts our market, owing to the tariff regulations. The Federal Government has tried to help the tobacco farmer by paying the farmer a certain amount of money if he will not put as many acres in tobacco. The government has also made new trade agreements with some of these countries that we hope to benefit by. We also have at present a cooperative marketing plan that is of some protection. Without it we would be at the mercy of big tobacco corporations.

The country boy has a lot of fun. He can go down to the river or pond and go in swimming. He can get the horse out of the stable and go riding. In the winter time he goes skating on the pond or goes sled riding down the hills. He can hunt birds, rabbits, possum, and squirrels. Often he fishes in the river or catches frogs in the ponds.

The country boy has as much work as he

has fun. He has to help set out tobacco. He suckers and worms the tobacco. He has to plow, hoe, and harrow the tobacco and corn. When the corn is ready to gather, the country boy helps get it in the corn crib. When the tobacco is ripe he helps cut it. He has to get in coal, wood, and kindling. But though he works hard, he always has time left for fun.

An Exchange of Ideas

THE J. R. C. members in brilliantly colored costumes whose pictures you see on page 25 represent "ambassadors" of eighteen foreign countries who took part in the World Good Will Day celebration of Orange County, California. Every enrolled school was invited to send at least two ambassadors dressed wholly or in part in the native dress of each country represented.

First there was a salute to the flag, and a short talk. "America" was sung, and then special guests for the day were introduced and lunch was served. The tables were decorated with clusters of flags of all nations and with red, white, and blue streamers. After lunch, J. R. C. doll exchanges were described and exhibited. Then a message of greeting was read from the director of the Pacific Branch of the Junior Red Cross.

After the singing of two J. R. C. songs by a girl member, the ambassadors were introduced. They stood at attention while their national anthems were played; first the Germans, then the Dutch, the Hungarians, Italians, Japanese, Mexicans, Filipinos, Poles, Russians, Czechoslovaks, Spaniards, Brazilians, Argentinians, English, Swedes, Danes, Swiss, and Scotch.

Annual reports from schools of the county were read, and then the good will play "Mother Earth's Children" was presented. Those of you who have not seen this play may get a copy by writing to your Red Cross Headquarters office at Washington, St. Louis, or San Francisco. The stage setting requires only two chairs, a desk, and a telephone, and it takes about ten minutes' time.

The play was followed with a first aid demonstration—simple bandaging, artificial respiration, the carrying of injured persons, and

solution of a problem case. Dances, songs, and exhibits completed the program.

THE 6-B CLASS of A. C. Steere School at Shreveport, Louisiana, made a thorough study of cotton, even visiting a cotton field, a cotton gin, a cotton compress, and a cottonseed oil plant.

When the study was completed, the Juniors put what they had learned into an album for France, beautifully illustrated with pictures, maps, and samples of cotton materials. One of the latter, by the way, was a piece of batiste made in France from American cotton.

A separate little booklet was enclosed with the album to describe a carton of samples which was a part of the consignment. The samples, carefully wrapped in cellophane and plainly labeled, included cottonseed as received from the cotton gin, cottonseed after passing through the "first cut" linters, "first-cut" linters, cottonseed after passing through "second-cut" linters, "second-cut" linters, loose cottonseed hulls, the meat of the cottonseed, or the kernel, uncooked meats after passing through the rolls, meats after cooking, before being pressed, slab as it comes from the presses, cottonseed meal, and cottonseed oil. One full page of the album was devoted to lists of products and by-products of cotton, including, besides the familiar cloths and yarns, such things as artificial leather, photographic films, writing paper, dyestuffs, coating for airplane wings, and oil for cosmetics.

THE BOYS in the picture on page 26 are ready to take part in the model airplane meet held each year by the Lincoln Junior High School in Portland, Maine. One of the members tells about it:

The contest is for boys and girls who are interested in the building of model airplanes. The first thing we do at a contest is to get our numbers and wings. Then we go to another table and have our planes judged on building of fuselage, covering, balance, and appearance. After that, if we want to, we can go to one end of the armory to improve the things that were not good when judged. If we get them changed in time, we may give the planes some test flights.

The contest flights start toward noon, and a few contestants have their flights before twelve o'clock. Usually beginners' models stay up about ten to fifteen seconds. Advanced builders' models stay up about twenty seconds, but some especially good models will stay up longer.

As the afternoon passes on the flights end, and the judges get together to decide who the winners are and to award the prizes. The prizes are models to build or money with which the contestants may buy model airplane supplies. Sometimes the prize is an airplane ride over the city.

BECAUSE Baltimore, Maryland, has an increasing number of bagworms, one class in School No. 97 adopted the motto, "Bag the Bagworm." Then they tried to present to the rest of the school information on the recognition of the pest, its habits, and the need and methods of control. Short talks were prepared after the use of reference material and classroom discussion.

The Edgar Allan Poe School in the same city made shamrock favors for the luncheon meeting of the First Aid and Life Saving Committee of the Chapter, which was held on March seventeenth.

READERS of the News will remember that last March we published a letter addressed to all J. R. C. members from pupils at the Palomar Mountain School in California. There has just come through National Headquarters the first album from the school, and it is devoted entirely to the history of the Palomar Mountain Observatory. All sorts of pictures and newspaper clippings are included in the album, which is for a school in Washington, D. C.

We are quoting from some of the letters written by the Palomar Juniors:

The land on which the observatory is built covers 640 acres, and cost \$35,000. The highest point on Palomar Mountain is 6,125 feet above sea level. The observatory is built at an elevation of 5,568 feet.



Above: Part of the Juniors of Orange County, California, who celebrated International Good Will Day at an Orange women's club. Below: It is really dangerous to leave toys on the stairs. People can fall and hurt themselves badly if they trip

Five years were spent in choosing the location for the observatory. Palomar Mountain was chosen because of the clearness of the air, and the certainty of a lasting water supply. They wanted a



Five members of the model airplane club of the Lincoln Junior High School, Portland, Maine (see page 24)

location where the glare of the city lights would not interfere with observations, and there is not likely to be any large town or city built near Palomar Mountain.

The two-hundred-inch glass for the telescope is now being ground in the optical shop of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. When

finished, it will be only four inches thick. The one-hundred-inch glass on Mount Wilson is thirteen inches thick. But the Palomar Observatory glass will be strong because of the sturdy honey-comb backing. The disk is nearly seventeen feet in diameter, and weighs about twenty tons. The final treatment will be the mirroring process. Aluminum will be used because it reflects more light and lasts longer than silver.

When finished, Palomar will be the world's largest astronomical observatory.

"TOMATO plants for neighborhood gardens" has been the aim of some Juniors in science classes

at Lafayette School in Cleveland, Ohio. The children raised the plants from seeds, and had them ready in time for outside planting. The Juniors report that their neighbors were much pleased to have these seedlings for their gardens.

News from Abroad

BELGIAN Juniors have been asked to observe a sacrifice week for the benefit of children of war-ravaged Spain. During this week all Juniors gave up something each day, such as candy, a movie, a magazine, or some other plan for their own pleasure. On the table or mantel was a sacrifice box into which they dropped the money saved in this way. At the end of the week the head of each Junior group collected the boxes and the money was sent on to the Belgian Committee for the aid of Children of Spain. It is being used for the benefit of children on both sides of the civil war still raging in Spain.

Juniors of the Frans Fischer School in Brussels have a little cottage of their own. It is built on the grounds beside their big, modern school building, and with their own hands they have furnished and decorated its two rooms. When Mrs. Thornton, head of the Junior Red Cross

The opening of the season at Nice always begins with a carnival (see page 27). The central figure is King Carnival



international correspondence at National Headquarters was in Brussels last fall, she saw the little house and noticed that already the cupboards around the work room were filling up with all sorts of delightful gifts for Christmas. The money for putting up the house was lent to the Juniors by the father of Jacqueline Jassonge, a leader in their activities. Lately Jacqueline died and now the little house is named for her, the Jacqueline Jassonge Chalet.

The Frans Fischer School is a big modern city public school. On the top floor is a large, bright nursery where mothers who are in domestic service can leave their own children while they are working during the day, knowing that they will be well looked after by the people in charge, who are paid by the city of Brussels.

THE BOYS' Public School at Haybes on the Meuse, the Ardennes, France, included this letter in an album to the Lincoln School at Jerome, Idaho:

Who does not know Shrove Tuesday with its pleasures and its famous carnival, its dainties and doughnuts? Shrove Tuesday has always been popular.

It is the day when everybody takes pleasure in changing one's personality and becoming a Chinese boy or a Japanese one, or a Spaniard or somebody



Warsaw Juniors have gardens and give the produce to poor families

from another country. It is a charming festivity, and you enjoy looking at all these people going in the streets.

At night the places of entertainment, dancing halls, see all the masks coming to spend the night in dancing to finish merrily the day so cheerfully begun. Others go to their family where they finish the day very cheerfully, too. On Shrove Tuesday we make pancakes and fritters and everyone eats them with pleasure.

But the place where Shrove Tuesday is triumphal is on the Côte d'Azur (that is to say along the Mediterranean Sea). It is there, under the bright sky, in a magnificent light that Carnival reigns really. People dress themselves with elegance and gorgeousness. At night, while people sing the song written in its honor, Carnival is burnt in great pomp. Such is the end of the one which was during some hours the King of the Côte d'Azur.

(Continued from page 15)

danced under the blue skies of Greece, and, before her accident, to hurdy-gurdy music on the streets of New York.

Perisa stood still. She felt very tired. There was the friend the Doctor, who had helped make her wish come true. He caught her in his arms and lifted her high against his shoulder.

"Hurrah for Perisa," shouted Joe Montana. "Hurrah for Perisa's play street."

How everyone shouted and stamped and clapped!

"A good American she makes," said Papa, nearly bursting with pride.

From Star Square, Perisa looked up and down Plum Street. Not a single truck or auto pushed its noisy nose up the street's quiet length.

"How much nicer it is!" said Perisa. "It's just as the Story Teller Man said."

Then Perisa gasped and peered into the Doctor's face. "My legs! They walk of themselves, now, don't they?"

The Doctor nodded. Perisa laughed happily. She hadn't thought to wish for this!

Perisa walked home slowly, leaning against the Doctor. Nicolas carried her crutches. Tomorrow they would go back to the hospital, for Perisa would need them no more.



But her brother was busy just then, looking at a pack train

Rimchi and Rhamda

Ernestine and Florence Horvath

Pictures by Kurt Wiese

Rimchi was a chubby little boy. Rhamda was his sister. Both of them had round, dark faces, bright eyes and the merriest of smiles. They wore long robes down to their very toes. But their robes were not alike. Rimchi's robe was of silk, and his long sleeves were turned back to show a white lining. His sister's robe was sleeveless so that everyone might see the pretty, embroidered sleeves of her undergarment. Her robe was of wool.

Rimchi and Rhamda lived far away in Asia, high up in the Himalaya Mountains, in the land called Tibet.

Little Rimchi and his sister, Rhamda, were very happy. They did not think that Tibet was a strange place. When the wind howled and roared, as it did

almost all year round, they did not get frightened. Tibet is so high up that the wind is stronger and the air is colder than in most other lands.

The children liked the strong, low house, with only one tiny window, which was their home. They were fond of the big, fierce dog which guarded the courtyard outside the house.

Rimchi and Rhamda loved to go to the bazaar. The bazaar was like a market out in the open air. The goods were spread on the ground, under striped awnings. Rimchi and Rhamda went there often because it was always so crowded and busy and gay. One morning Rhamda saw the prettiest bracelet she had ever seen at the bazaar. In a moment her eyes were full of love for it.

"O, it is so lovely!" said Rhamda. She expected Rimchi to hear her.

But her brother was busy just then, looking at a pack-train going by. His boy mind was thinking of the things from afar that the camels brought. They might be bringing up leather from Mongolia, or tea, or silk, and bright dishes from China.

"O," sighed Rhamda, still trying to attract his attention, "it is as bright as mountain snow when it sparkles in the sun!"

But Rimchi did not hear, for he was thinking of the things the pack-train might take away when it left Tibet. The camels might carry a kind of rough, dull cloth, then, or some bales of soft wool.

By this time Rhamda was speaking loudly. "I should like it!" she told Rimchi.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Rimchi. He thought she meant the pack-train. "What would you do with it, Sister?"

Rhamda almost cried. Was Rimchi teasing her? "You know very well I should wear it on my arm!" she replied.

"Oh-ho!" chuckled Rimchi. "Sister, you could not do that!" He still thought she spoke of the pack-train.

"Let us ask Father to buy it for me," begged Rhamda. "I think he would, if we both asked."

"We can not do that," returned Rimchi, trying not to laugh again. How foolish it was of his sister to think that their father could buy a whole

pack-train, he thought, just for her.

Rhamda stood very still. She hung her head, with its glossy black hair. Rimchi was unkind!

Her brother looked almost as sad. He could not bear to see Rhamda so unhappy.

"I have an idea!" he said, suddenly. "Do not go away." And off he ran as quickly as possible.

Down the wide street, past many strong, low houses, and into his own courtyard the boy went. The fierce dog barked when he saw Rimchi. The prayer-flags, which were fastened to the long poles in the courtyard, flew briskly. Through the doorway and into his home Rimchi hurried.

On a couch he saw his father, wearing a silk robe like his own. Near-by he saw his mother serving tea. She was dressed like Rhamda, but with a striped apron besides.

"Father, Mother!" called Rimchi, excitedly, "Sister wants a pack-train. She told me so herself!"

Rimchi's father and mother looked at

"Do not go away!" And off he ran, as quickly as possible



him in the greatest amazement.

"Even this moment Rhamda is almost crying," said Rimchi. "O, go at once and try to make her smile once more?"

His father arose, but his mother wrung her hands, sorrowfully. "What can we do to make Rhamda smile again?" she asked.

"I have a plan!" returned Rimchi. "Only we must hurry."

They hurried past the prayer-flags and the fierce dog and the many houses. At last they reached the bazaar. There Rhamda still stood, hanging her head. She did not notice the funny yaks which brushed past her, carrying people or burdens. She did not see busy folk hurrying by. She did not notice poor children, whose clothing was so much rougher than hers, stopping to look at her.

"Rhamda," called her brother, "Father and Mother have come!"

"I am going to ask them to buy something for you—something much

nicer than what you wanted!"

Rhamda sighed. Would it be a sweet-meat or a painted box? She watched the others walk under the striped awning of the bazaar. She turned her back so she would not see and be disappointed.

"Here, Rhamda, see what Father has bought for you!" Rimchi was dangling something bright in front of her eyes. It was the bracelet, the very one, all red and green and blue!

Rhamda's face became sunshiny with her usual smile. "This is what I wanted the whole time!" she exclaimed.

"But I thought you were talking of the pack-train," declared Rimchi. "I did not even see the bracelet until you looked so sad and I wondered what in all the bazaar would make you happy once more!"

"It is so beautiful," said Rhamda, putting the bracelet on her arm. "Thank you, dear Mother and Father, and you, Rimchi."

The Lazy Little Rabbit

Anne Linn

Picture by Lloyd Coe

A merry rabbit was Bunny Blue,
But he was a lazy fellow, too.
He'd run and hide if you *mentioned*
work.

He seemed in truth just made to shirk!
Each day he played as long as he could
With his friend, Reddy Rabbit, in the
wood.

Though his appetite he would not curb,
He never dug himself an herb!
His mother warned, "If no work you'll
do,
You won't go to Heaven, Bunny Blue!"

And Bunny said (though great was his
fear)

"Don' wanna go—wanna stay here!"

Now his was a very sorry state
When Reddy Rabbit, his only play-
mate,

Said "Bunny Blue, you must find an-
other

To play with, for now *I have a brother!*"

Bunny pretended he didn't care,
But Reddy's luck was hard to bear.

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Swans"

Citizenship—Worldwide:

"An Exchange of Ideas," "News from Abroad"

English:

"Something to Read," "Fresh from the Country"
(letter-writing)

General Science:

"Better Than Aladdin's Lamp"

Geography:

Belgium—"News from Abroad"

China—"Tales of a Chinese Grandmother"

France—"News from Abroad"

Mexico—"Gardens for Children"

South America—"The Day of the Americas"

Spain—"The Weather Vane Is Bent," "The Program Picture," "News from Abroad"

Sweden—"Swedish-American Celebrations," "Jenny Lind"

Tibet—"Rimchi and Rhamda"

United States—"Homeward Bound," "Sentries of the Switchboard," "Perisa's Play Street," "The Blue and Silver Necklace," "Fresh from the Country," "An Exchange of Ideas," "They Wanted a Playground"

Music:

"Jenny Lind"

Primary Grades:

"The Weather Vane Is Bent"—in which a little Spanish boy makes us think of "Dotty Good-Deeds" in our Funnies. "Rimchi and Rhamda," "The Lazy Little Rabbit," "Lost and Found."

Reading:

1. Why was Don Aire good to Don Peque? 2. Find some other story about Spain to tell your class.

1. What are some instances of heroism on the part of telephone girls? 2. What kinds of work in modern life give opportunity for adventure?

1. What advances of modern science do you remember? 2. What invention will you watch with most interest to find how it develops?

1. Why did Perisa's wish come true? 2. What can your Junior Red Cross do to improve play conditions in your community?

1. Where did the exploration of the boys in the PROGRAM Picture lead them? 2. What is the Red Cross doing for children in Spain?

1. Why was Tinicum Island renamed Printz-Lindbergh Park? 2. What are some of the cultural contributions of the Swedish people?

1. When is Pan American Day? 2. What can you do to observe it?

1. What do the Mexican children do in their gardens? 2. What kinds of work do you think are best for children?

1. What in the book reviews makes you want to read the books? 2. Give an oral review that will make others want to read some book you like.

1. How did Jenny Lind use her talent to do good to others? 2. Who is your favorite singer?

1. How is the tobacco industry affected by circumstances in other countries? 2. What industry near your home is influenced by conditions in other parts of the world?

1. What good ideas do you find in the activity notes this month? 2. What Junior Red Cross activities of yours might interest other members?

1. How did Rimchi and Rhamda misunderstand each other? 2. Tell of a funny misunderstanding you had.

1. Why didn't Bunny Blue have any little brothers at first? 2. How many brothers did Bunny Blue and Reddy Rabbit have all together?

1. Why did the New Jersey children have a parade? 2. Do you think this was a good way to get their playground?

Units:

Adventure—"Sentries of the Switchboard"

Climate—"The Weather Vane Is Bent," "Sentries of the Switchboard"

Communication—"Sentries of the Switchboard," "Better than Aladdin's Lamp"

Conservation of Life and Health—"Sentries of the Switchboard," "Better than Aladdin's Lamp," "Perisa's Play Street," "Gardens for Children"

Crops—"Fresh from the Country"

Dancing—"Gardens for Children in Mexico." The make-believe airplane ride suggests composing modern folk-dances representing modes of travel.

Indians—"Homeward Bound," "The Blue and Silver Necklace"

International Trade—"Fresh from the Country" *Play*—"Perisa's Play Street," "Gardens for Children," "They Wanted a Playground"

World Friendship—"The Weather Vane Is Bent," "Jenny Lind," "Fresh from the Country," "News from Abroad," "Rimchi and Rhamda"

An Index for the News

If you do not have the mimeographed index for last year's JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS (1936-1937), would you like one? There is still a small stock. They are valuable in using the News for reference work. If the magazine is bound in year volumes or fastened in a notebook binder, the index can be bound with it. Write your Headquarters Office, if you want one.

Coronets and Arm Bands for Juniors

Coronets and arm bands for Junior Red Cross members to wear at any official functions where some kind of costuming is desirable are manufactured by Lion Brothers, Baltimore, Maryland, and sold to chapters on specific orders for \$2.75 per dozen.

Developing Program Activities for March

Further Notes on School Correspondence

ONE of the points recently most emphasized by schools of other countries is that the first album prepared for a new contact should be for the purpose of getting acquainted, general in nature. The contents should include the required letter of friendly greeting, about Junior Red Cross activities, something about the school or class preparing the album, and something about the local community and its location. Snap-shots of the members sending the album, snap-shots of the school and community, all help to realize the first purpose of growing acquainted. If a class desires to make an album especially to develop a particular topic, why not first make one of these simple get-acquainted albums, send it on its way, and proceed at once towards the special topic album? This will hasten the exchange.

The interest of children of other countries in original art and hand-work in our albums is illustrated in a letter which went through National Headquarters recently, from France to Minnesota.

"Your first album, giving information about Minnesota, pleased us very much. It tells us about things we did not know, for instance, about the iron-mine. But why have you not made some drawings representing some places of your town or workmen working?"

"The drawing in the album (No. 3) showing miners, one of them detaching the blocks of iron ore with a pickaxe while the other man transports it in his hands, is it really exact? We think the excavating is made with more perfectionned means, probably machines.

"Your drawings are splendid, and we admired one where the hind is licking its fawn while a bird sings on a branch. You would have obtained better results still if you had used water colors instead of crayons.

"Next year we shall try a new process: painting with glue upon wrapping paper. We shall send you some of these drawings in order that you may criticize them, and we shall give you some explanations.

"We shall take from the album some of your drawings and put them on our school room walls. So you will be present among us.

"In your letter you ask us details about our studies, games, programs, holidays, songs, etc. We shall give you some in order that you may know us better. In your turn, you will give us details about your life at school, at home, the sports and games you practice in the United States which are not quite ours: rugby and volley ball."

Of value as source material for either intersectional or international correspondence is the series of publications on the United States, issued under the direction of the W. P. A. writer's project. There are now, or will be, books on practically all sections of the United States and many cities and smaller communities. Write to the Federal Writer's Project, Works Progress Administration, Washington, D. C., and ask for the Catalog of Publications.

Spring Rally

Have you begun plans for a Junior Red Cross Spring Rally? The following suggestions were sent out in advance last year by Miss Virginia Lewis, Junior Red Cross Chairman of the Cabell County,

Huntington, West Virginia, Chapter:

"Our Rally will take place in the Junior Room of the First M. E. Church at Huntington at 10:00 A. M. Saturday, May 15. Each enrolled school is urged to send representatives as follows:

"a. For the first 100 pupils enrolled in Junior Red Cross send 5, for each additional 100, send 2.

"b. Schools having fewer than 100 enrolled, send 5.

"c. Each school delegation must be accompanied by a sponsor.

"All schools represented will have a part in the program. Please see that all representatives know the Service Song, the World Song, and the Junior Red Cross pledge.

"And please bring samples and pictures of your work for our exhibit."

Beginning of Easter

A report from the Junior Red Cross of Tupelo, Mississippi, listed some attractive Easter favors made by the Juniors.

"One of the elementary schools in Tupelo, Mississippi, holding classes in one of the local churches due to the fact that their school building was torn down by the tornado in 1936, recently worked out an interesting project for the children of the Day Nursery School. Favors were made in the form of Easter hat boxes in bright colors with Easter greetings on the outside, and on the inside were Easter chickens just hatched. Easter baskets with little rabbits on the outside dressed in colored clothes, some as boys and some as girls, were made. Candy Easter eggs were bought to fill these little baskets. Toys of all sorts were made or donated by the larger children. The children from the Day Nursery School were invited down to the elementary school for a real Easter party, and had a grand time together. One little tiny tot said, 'I'm just so happy I don't know what to think!'"

Pan American Day, April 14

Groups that wish to observe Pan American Day, April 14, can secure available material by addressing the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. The following pamphlets are available:

1. The Meaning of Pan American Day, an article on the origin and development of Pan American Day.

2. Relations of the United States with Latin America, a discussion of the changes in the politico-economic policies of the United States toward Latin America in recent years.

3. Evolution of International American Conferences. The origin and development of the system of conferences on the American continent, and of international cooperation among the twenty-one republics.

4. Latin America at a Glance. A booklet summarizing important historical, geographical, commercial, and other data on all the Latin American republics. Contains questions, the answers to which may be found in the text, which may be used by teachers for classroom exercise.

5. Flags and Coats-of-Arms of the American Nations. Historical sketch and brief description of the meaning of the flags and coats-of-arms of the twenty-one American republics.

6. The Pan American Union. A booklet describing

the history, activities and services of this international organization.

7. Economic Gifts of America to the World. Brief and simple description of various products which have been found or grown in the Americas, the use of which has spread over the world.

8. Seeing the Other Americas. Description of some of the principal attractions for tourists in the American republics.

9. Pan America. A pageant by Grace Swift. (Takes about 30 minutes to present; suitable for presentation by high schools).

10. Christ of the Andes. A play, by Mrs. Eleanor Holston Brainard. (Takes about 15 minutes to present; suitable for presentation by sixth grade pupils.)

11. Stegomya, Jr. A historical play based on the life of Dr. Carlos J. Finlay. The conquest of disease and the building of the Panama Canal. Helps to dramatize the background of that achievement and tries to open new interests in the life of Caribbean countries. Prefaced by suggestions to teachers and supplemented with additional reading together with a brief bibliography. Designed as an activity or project with a definite purpose for an entire class and for various departments of the school.

12. Ceremonies with the 21 American Flags. Outline of ceremonies utilizing the flags of the twenty-one American republics. Contains a list of firms from whom flags may be purchased.

13. Books for Young Readers. Latin America in bright pages for the young. Description and list of books in English on Latin America, obtainable in the United States, with names of publishers.

14. Sources for Latin American music. Brief lists of songs, orchestra and band arrangements, and collections of songs, with names of publishers. Contains titles and sources of both sheet music and phonograph records.

15. Suggestions for Pan American Day Programs. Summarizing ideas which have been worked into successful Pan American Day Programs in past years in the United States and Latin America.

All of the foregoing material will be distributed free of charge by the Pan American Union. It has been found necessary; however, to make a nominal charge for the following music, as indicated below:

National Anthems of the American Republics. Arrangements for piano of excerpts from the national anthems of the twenty-one American republics. Especially adaptable for use in flag ceremonies (see No. 12 above). Price twenty-five cents.

National Anthems of the American Republics. Arrangement for six-piece orchestra (piano, first and second violins, viola, cello and bass) of Excerpts from the national anthems of the twenty-one American republics. Especially adaptable for flag ceremonies (see No. 12 above). Includes above piano arrangement. Price fifty cents.

Fitness for Service for March

Red Riding Hood Teaches the Wolf

WHEN the wolf said: "The better to eat you with, my child," Red Riding Hood felt troubled; but instead of yelling, she smiled kindly at the wolf, and exclaimed:

"You really have unusually beautiful teeth, Grandmother." Even though she now realized her mistake, she still called him Grandmother, because she did not know his real name.

"Thank you, my child," said the wolf, hesitating a second in surprise.

"You must be sure to take very good care of them," Red Riding Hood said rapidly, "so that they will last you to a good old age. Artificial teeth are an awful bother, they say."

"I never bother about them," replied the wolf, more surprised, "except to keep them sharp on bones."

Riding Hood answered urgently, "Oh, but they need more than that: they need quantities of good green vegetables."

"You don't tell me! I hardly ever eat vegetables."

"What, no spinach?" cried the little girl. "or carrots? Why Grandmother! And how about your daily cereal?"

The wolf looked embarrassed. He murmured, "I've usually left the vegetables to rabbits and deer, and the cereal to the cattle."

"Oh, my!" said Riding Hood. "You must hunt some for yourself, right away. And whenever you go away from home over-night, be sure to take your toothbrush."

"Indeed," said the wolf, more and more confused, hating to admit he did not know what a toothbrush was. "Did you bring your own?"

"Of course," the little girl said, reaching down in the basket of cakes she had brought, to pull out her pink handled brush.

"How do you use it?" the wolf asked, eyeing it curiously.

"Of all things! I'll have to show you," Riding Hood offered. "Wait till I get a dipper of water."

Backing across the room, because she was afraid to take her eyes off the wolf, she filled a dipper with water and taking a basin to rinse her mouth in, demonstrated to the wolf how to use the brush—scrubbing her teeth vigorously and following the directions the nurse had given her about massaging the gums as she brushed.

"Let me try it," the wolf said, stretching out his paw for the pretty brush.

"We-el," Riding Hood said with a gulp. "If you don't mind using some one else's brush . . ."

"Oh, I don't mind," he assured her, snatching it out of her reluctant hand.

"You can have it to keep!" she said hastily. "It's easier for me to go to the store to buy a new one than it is for you. But when you get another one, you may need to buy a larger size."

"How very convenient that they should come in different sizes," the wolf exclaimed. "It is hard for me not to lose this in my mouth, and I might choke on it some day."

Nevertheless, he went on spluttering awkwardly over it, brushing his teeth as nearly as possible the way he had been shown. Then he said—"You mentioned my eyes admiringly, too, when you first came in. Have you any suggestions about them?"

"Oh, yes indeed," she replied readily. "You

should never read or sew except in a soft clear light, and whenever possible it should fall over your left shoulder, so as not to cast a shadow. You should wash gently around your eyes with cold water, and if they are red, or water too easily, or show any special signs of soreness, you had better see a doctor about treatment or an eye wash prescription. And if your eyes grow tired too easily, or you have frequent headaches, you may need your glasses changed."

The wolf was wearing her grandmother's glasses, and as a matter of fact, he could not see through them at all well. He did not like the prospect of going to a doctor, so he tried turning his left shoulder to the window, but still Red Riding Hood looked blurred to him, and he rubbed his eyes vigorously with his paw.

"Oh, don't rub them!" Riding Hood exclaimed. "You must keep your paws out of your eyes, and your ears and mouth, too." He looked so abashed that she spoke more gently and politely.

"Green vegetables and fresh fruit are good for the eyes, too, grandmother, as well as for the teeth. Or you may not be getting enough exercise. Would you like me to show you some good setting up drills?"

"Thank you very much, if it isn't too much trouble," he said.

"Better lay your glasses aside so you won't break them," she cautioned, "and open that door behind you to let the sunshine in. Now, face me and do just as I do. One—two—three—"

She began stretching, bending, turning her head right and left, and squatting (the wolf fell over doing that, but she was careful not to laugh at him so he got up very solemnly and went on with the drill). Then she stood on one toe and tapped the

other, and each time she pointed she took a step backward, and the wolf did the same.

Little by little, without noticing it, he backed out of the door. When he was well out, Riding Hood called:

"Relax!" and stood at ease where she was. He was quite out of breath with the vigorous exercise, and stood panting while she came to the door, moving as smoothly as possible.

"Now," she said, "the best thing to do is to go to a quiet shady spot and take a fine nap in the open air. When you wake, you'll feel better than you have for years. Then, if your appetite is good, go gather plenty of green vegetables and eat all you want. Goodbye, Grandmother, till you wake up, and if what I have told you today has been of any help, I'm sure I'm very glad indeed. May it make you more fit for service!"

Very sleepily, the wolf said, "Thank you. You are a fine girl, and I hope I can live up to the things you have told me."

He turned and trotted off into the woods, and Red Riding Hood locked the front door carefully, straightened up the house again, and prepared to leave by the back door to go in the other direction from the one taken by the wolf. Now that her danger had passed, she was feeling very sad about her grandmother. Suddenly she heard a whisper at the window, and turning, saw that the fine old lady, who had escaped and gone for help, leaving her nightdress and cap untidily on the bed, because of her haste in dressing, where the wolf had found them handy to put on, had now come safely back with the woodcutters. These men were annoyed to learn that the wolf had escaped.

But they could not be cross when they saw how happy the grandmother and Red Riding Hood were at finding each other safe.

Young Members and Social Problems

The question is often raised as to how far pupils in lower grades can understand social problems that concern adults, and also as to whether the effect of realizing such problems is good. A report from Baltimore, Maryland, shows how the natural interests of the children were given a deeper motive than self gratification. Class 3A of School No. 235 reported:

"We had been studying the Red Cross and how much it did to help other people. At Easter time our nurse told us of a family of nine children whose father had just died. We decided to help them if we could. Each day we brought canned goods and other foods. Then came the most important decision of all. We decided that instead of having an Easter party like every other class in the school, we would buy a fine piece of meat for our family's Easter basket. It made us very happy when we saw other children leaving with their Easter treats to know that we did not have any because we had voted to help some boys and girls who were not as fortunate as we."

Class 3A of School No. 63 sent four subscriptions of "My Weekly Reader" and some Valentines to the children of Kernan's Hospital, and received a letter of thanks that extended their sympathies pleasantly:

"Indeed we did enjoy the Valentines and also the 'Weekly Reader.' The verses were grand on the Valentines, and how we laughed at the funnies. It must have taken you a long time to do all that work for us. Thank you each one. We hope you have all been well. We have had mumps this winter but now we are well again."

"We have a bird garden which we can see from our

girls' ward. The red birds and robins like it there. We feed the birds, too."

"We hope you will have a nice Easter."

Classes 4A and B of School No. 37 took personal care to make Easter gifts friendly and attractive, knowing that they were going to children in a public home:

"We enjoyed our Easter Red Cross project very much indeed. We made baskets of cover paper in brown, and lined them with green grass. They were quite fancy in shape, with handles."

"We brought chocolate eggs, bunnies, and chickens to put into them, besides jelly beans. Then we addressed a card to 'My dear little Friend' and wished them 'A Happy Eastertide.'"

"Our teacher took forty-five of them to the Children's Home and Nursery."

Class 4A of School No. 75 explained the process of making toys for distribution through the Chapter Red Cross Headquarters:

"We made rubber animals from inner tubes for the Junior Red Cross. First we washed the inner tubes. Then we cut out patterns of frogs, fish, turtles, birds and alligators. Next we glued them with automobile tire glue. After they dried we painted them in bright colors with outdoor paint. A few days later we exhibited them for the school. Then we sent them to Junior Red Cross Headquarters. We made these toys because we thought they might cheer up the sick or crippled children."

Examples from other schools of similar education of a "social spirit" will be welcomed.

"With a brother," he thought,
"he'll have fun,
While I play alone, since I have
none!"

"I wanna brother," he said
next day
To his mother, who cried,
"Bunny, go 'way!
One lazy child's quite enough
for me.
Whatever would I do with two
or three?"

The next time that poor little
Bunny Blue
Saw Reddy Rabbit he called "Yoo! Hoo!
How's your little brother this spring
day?"
The other replied "Which brother,
pray?"
And then he boasted "Bunny Blue,
I'll have you know I now have *two*!"
This news made Bunny Blue feel sad.
"Two little brothers," he thought, "that's
bad!
It was hard to bear when he had one,
But now he has two while I have none!"

In tears he ran to his mother and said,
"I wanna brother!" She shook her head.
"One lazy child's quite enough for me.
Whatever would I do with two or three?"

One day Bunny saw Reddy at play
With one of his brothers and said "Good
day!"
"Good morning, Bunny Blue," called the
other
Quite gleefully, "I've another brother!"
"Three little brothers," thought Bunny
Blue.
"It was hard to bear when he had two,



This news made Bunny Blue feel sad

But now he has three and lots of fun,
While I play alone since I have none!"

Bunny pretended not to care,
But when alone his sobs rent the air.
In his grief too far he strayed away
As night was taking the place of day.
Bunny was scared and quite forlorn.
He hid in a hole to await the morn.
When morning came his hunger was
great;
So he started to dig at a great rate
Some roots from the rich, warm, mellow
ground.
That work was fun Bunny Blue soon
found,
And he took some home to his mother
who
Was proud of her little Bunny Blue.

When Bunny saw Reddy Rabbit once
more,
And he boasted "My brothers now num-
ber *four*!"
Bunny answered with scorn, "Sakes
alive!
Only *four* little brothers? I have *five*!"



They Wanted a Playground

TWO HUNDRED boys and girls picketed a playground in Orange, New Jersey, not long ago, when it was decided not to finish work that would make it ready for the children to use. Neighbors had complained that a playground at that place would be too noisy. But when the neighborhood children heard the news, they went to the playground and made placards from old cardboard boxes, which read, "We need a playground," and "Keep Us Off the Streets." As time went on, more and more children arrived and joined the picket line marching round and round the vacant lot.

Soon mothers who were sympathetic joined the ranks of children, and before long, the City Commissioner arrived to see what was going on. He was soon convinced that it would be better to go on with the construction of the playground. So he announced that it would be finished, and suggested that the pickets go on a hike to a park some distance away, so that the workmen could get back to their jobs. The children came back from the hike at five o'clock, saying they had had a wonderful time.

—New York Times

